

Good Morning 451

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Family are Baseball Fans A.B. S/T Geoffrey White

WEIRD cries came from an adjoining cricket field as the "Good Morning" photographer waited outside No. 12 Napier Road, Heaton Moor, Stockport. No. 12 is where you find A.B./S.T. Geoffrey White when he goes home, but this time nobody answered the front door bell.

"Get him a high chair!" bellowed the unseen in the cricket field. Then "Throw the bum out!" The photographer pushed the bell again.

"Kill the umpire!" was the next terrific shout. This was followed by a chorus of approval.

"Aha . . . the brighter cricket movement," said our picture man, and, giving the bell a final resentful push, he pushed off to take a look. He was too late. A bunch of American soldiers, wearing an amazing variety of apparel, trooped from the field with a crowd of onlookers.

Mr. White senior and Auntie Lal were there. They

have become baseball fans, but two snags detract from their full enjoyment of the ball game. No. 1, they don't know the rules, so they treat it as a game of rounders. No. 2, they haven't learned the words and yells yet.

Anyway, the picture man got a shot of father and auntie walking home from the game and then Mr. White collared the cheer leader, or "stooge," as he called him (so he's learning a bit about it), who explained the game to them with a wealth of detail, wisecracks, and demonstration of equipment.

"All's well at home," they told "Good Morning." Brother Gordon is now the father of two girls, and they think he is still serving in England.

By the way, that's a nice sitting-room at home, Geoff., with father's mural wall paintings and plaster plaques. He's busy now doing posters for savings campaigns. Good hunting!



School bring out Flags for A.B. Sam Hunter,

D.S.M.

THERE'S not much fresh news from Greenfield-st., Alloa, A.B. Sam Hunter, but when our staff reporter called recently your mother said all at home was well.

Francis is getting athletic, has recently taken part in the school sports meeting, and is looking forward to the first trip to London when you collect your D.S.M. Seems your mother plans a family party for you that day.

By the way, do you remember Mickie and Elsie from across the way? They send you best wishes to you, and are hoping to see you soon.

Also, your mother has frequent enquirers after you

from Coalsnaughton. When your award was announced in the local newspaper the school hung out their flags. It looks as if you will have to visit the old place during your next leave.

There's Johnnie Cunningham, too, who sends best wishes to you. He often calls round to see if there have been any letters from you.

Your mother closes by sending affectionate wishes.

"A GUY NAMED JOE"

Dick Gordon tells the whole exciting story

"A GUY Named Joe" is a film that is different, if nothing else. For a change, I will give you the story as seen from the stalls.

Pete Sandidge (Spencer Tracy) thought harp-playing was nonsense and barred such conceptions of the next world. One day he got killed at the controls of a bomber—and he found out all about it.

He found himself, after the fatal moment, approaching an airfield and Dick Rumney, a pilot who had been shot down near Brest.

"Come and meet the boss," Dick invited. "You're right about the harp. Plenty to do here, and not too bad once you get the hang of it." In a spacious office a man wearing the uniform of an American Air Corps General with an imposing number of ribbons up and an air of quiet authority extended greeting.

"Glad to know you, Major Sandidge. Congratulations on your status as ace pilot or 'Guy named Joe.' We've been expecting you for some time. I've been studying your record. You've taken it pretty well on the chin for hedge-hopping and lone-wolfing your squadron to get your target. But I'm glad to see you are improving. When you sighted the Nazi air carrier just now you didn't rush in to bomb without trying to contact H.Q. Moreover, you fly fairly well."

"Fairly well! Why, I do things with a plane the designer didn't even think of."

"That's just the point, Sandidge. We work here trying to do things the designer did think of. More important, we operate on the principle of helping the other fellow in the cockpit down below. If a flyer needs assistance we assign a man to ride with him. You see, you were helped by every man since the beginning of time who dreamt of wearing wings, and now it's your turn to pass it on to the next fellow. Rumney will be with you at first to help break you in."

NOT all Pete's thoughts, however, centred immediately upon the speculation of which of his country's airmen he was to help. Down below, in a lonely Highland inn where she was billeted, most likely at that moment, Dorinda Durston, United States Ferrying Command, would be in tears.

Without undue conceit, Pete pictured her heart-broken. They had known each other since 1925 when he had been stunt flying for a circus. In Pete's mind no thought but of Dorinda as his wife and mother of his children existed. No doubt, either, but that she loved him.

Why else had she contrived to fly to Scotland after he had been posted there to a reconnaissance course. Why, over a meal of bread and cheese before orders had come in for him to intercept the carrier, had she been so upset? How hard she had pleaded with him to leave with Colonel Kilpatrick in the morning for the United States and an instructor's job. Still he could feel the touch of her hand as it travelled up to stop him at his favourite trick of pulling at his eyebrows.

"Oh, Pete, you're such a dare-devil. You will lone-wolf in a service where men fly together. You will be so heroic. Come off it for a change. Teach the youngsters what you can't do yourself—then—then I won't go mad waiting for the telephone to ring—or not ring."

"No, honey—no hanging round an officers' club in Kansas City for me. You've been a flyer yourself long enough to know that when a guy's number's up it's up, and there's nothing you can do about it."

"I'll be tough on Dorinda for a while, but she'll get over it." With this not too consoling comment on the situation from Dick, Pete had to content himself. Quite natural it seemed to him shortly to be strolling, unheard, unseen and unsaluted with him by the hangars of an Arizona Air Corps training base. His first pupil, Ted Randall, a fine Nordic type, enthusiastic, young, and withal serious-minded, appeared to be in need of help.

"He's got a diploma for knowing the combustion engine, but he can't fly it. Watch him toss on his mattress, asleep. Maybe it's inheriting four million dollars that makes him nervous," Dick opined.

Certainly rigid and tensed on the occasion of his first solo flight, Ted seemed incapable of getting off the ground. Ensnared in the rear cockpit, doubtful if, apart from the roar of the engines, he would under any circumstances be heard, Pete shouted at him. "Get going—good—now relax—relax, I say. This ship knows more about flying than you ever will. You've nothing to worry about."

"Relax—I got to relax," Ted murmured. Following instructions from the officer in the control tower, he accomplished a successful turn. About to land, he needed Pete's guidance.

"Come on—ease her. Don't stiffen. Down—down, take her gently. Remember you're a soap bubble. Fine, you're doing fine, though how you got past primary training beats me." Accompanying him that evening to a club dance, Pete

Stage . .

considered that on the social side also Ted's education needed boosting.

"Hey, buddy! You got the rest of your life to read that book. Go and ask one of those dames to step out."

"Tell her you're lonesome. Tell her she reminds you of your sister." The advice was followed, and proved a prelude to a year in which Ted won his wings and a reputation for enjoying mixed company.

WHEN the squadron went to New Guinea, Pete failed to lose his job. "We go along to see how they hold up their heads in combat," Dick explained. Little did Pete think, as he stepped out of the transport plane on to the tropical airfield, that he would find the colonel in charge to be his erstwhile C.O., Captain Al Yackey.

"Come over to the officers' club and have a drink. I'm going to be with the prettiest girl in New Guinea," he offered the new arrivals. Still less did Pete think as he followed Ted in the direction of the bar that the prettiest girl in New Guinea would turn out to be Dorinda.

"You eat these while I'm gone," Al was saying as he settled her at a table facing a bowl of potato chips. Pete's heart had lost none of its susceptibility for accelerated beating as he came near the sweet face, the shining hair, the determined chin, glad to be able to indulge in unheard soliloquy.

"Dorinda—hey—it's me, Pete. You've got to listen. You're still my girl—always have been, always will be. I haven't forgotten one little thing that happened between us. I remember how you used to flare up when I strafed you for ham-handling a ship. I remember how you used to hop out of it, too—always with a grease spot on your nose. I remember—"



"I BEG your pardon, I don't want to intrude, but you look exactly like a sister of mine." That was Ted's voice. Moreover, Ted himself, embodiment of youth and health, and with the ease of manner he had lacked a year ago, stood there missing nothing of the charm of Dorinda Durston of the Ferrying Service.

That night, out on security patrol, sponsored by Pete, Ted brought down three Nazi bombers in flames, and survived with Rourke, Dick's pupil, to do a victory roll before landing. Awarded the D.F.C. and promoted to captain, it wasn't long before Ted was announcing his engagement to the girl who reminded him of his (albeit non-existent) sister.

Screen . .

Through a celebration in the mess Pete preserved a grim silence, sustained until the morning on which Ted was to lead his squadron on patrol for the first time.

Above the clouds, sitting in the rear cockpit, Pete leaned forward to unbuckle himself to his pupil. "You know, you're not sitting as pretty as you think. You may be engaged to my girl, but you're not married yet. You really want to keep her? I'll tell you how. She just loves crazy fliers. Put on something fancy, money-bags. She'd love it. Why don't you break away from your squadron? Tell 'em to keep their eye on you. You'll show 'em what the Service really expects from them. Go on, kid, you won't get into trouble. She thinks you're wonderful. Don't disappoint her. Put on a show for her."

From Pete's point of view, Ted's reaction was perfect. Having transferred command to Rourke, he peeled off to give a hundred per cent. performance of barrel rolls, tree-skimming, and diving stunts to exhaust the repertoire of his instructor.

"That'll cost that guy every leave he'll have for the next six months. He'll have to get married in the guard-house," Pete remarked to Dick on leaving the field. Contrary to forecast, Ted's punishment amounted to no more than a reprimand. Soon, however, Pete found himself back in heaven reporting to the general, who spoke in no uncertain terms.

"YOU'VE allowed jealousy to interfere with your work, Major Sandidge. I'm afraid you haven't grasped what our work really is. It isn't just you as an individual, helping your men as an individual. It's all of us working together for the future, every man that ever flew. It's hard to put

into words, but no man is really dead unless he breaks faith with the future, and no man's alive unless he accepts his responsibility to it. It's up to you to choose."

"Very well, sir. I'd like to go back and finish the job. I think I can." How hard that job was going to be Pete didn't then appreciate. For back in New Guinea, he found that Dorinda, succumbing to the memory of the man she had genuinely loved, had broken her engagement. Well Pete knew her for a woman who left no job unfinished.

The night on which Ted was due to take off to blow up an ammunition dump on Pali Bok Island, Pete climbed into the rear cockpit to find at the controls, not his pupil, but Dorinda. No amount of argument, no torrent of words, no invective about acting against orders

Studio . .

and throwing away a life to save an ace fighter pilot, were the slightest use. From critic Pete was obliged to turn into tutor. Between them they sighed the target, and flying through a barrage of searchlight beams and ack-ack shells, bombed the ammunition dump, which shot skywards in flames. Climbing back above cloud level as a course was set for base, Pete spoke out of a full heart.

"YOU know the only decent thing I ever did in life was to love you, Dorinda. But if the memory of that love is going to make you unhappy and lonely, then there must have been something wrong with it. It should have been the kind that filled you so full of happiness that you had to find someone to share it. That's the only kind of love worth having—that goes on living, laughing and fighting."

He was near enough to see the familiar smudge on her nose and that there were tears in her eyes before she prepared for a landing. They touched down. In the light of flares he saw her running into and held by Ted's arms. That's all.

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/c Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

JOE'S TROUBLES

Part XVI

WHEN Joe threw himself into the lake and came up to the surface, his first impulse was to raise his eyes and look at the Victoria; he saw it fly rapidly up, get smaller and smaller, and at last disappear northwards. His master, his friends, were safe.

Satisfied on that point, Joe began to think about himself; he was in the middle of an immense lake, surrounded by unknown and probably ferocious races. He did not feel afraid at the prospect. Before the birds attacked the balloon he had sighted an island on the horizon; he resolved to make for it, and get rid of all the clothes he could for a good swim.

In an hour and a-half he had considerably diminished the distance between himself and the island. But as he neared the shore he began to think of the alligators he had seen on the lake, and he knew how voracious they are. He therefore advanced with extreme precaution. He was not a hundred feet from a portion of the coast shaded by green trees, when a whiff of air loaded with musk reached him.

He plunged rapidly, but not quickly enough to avoid the contact of an enormous body; the scaly skin rubbed him as he passed; he gave himself up, and began to swim with the speed of despair.

During an agonising quarter of an hour he thought he heard the noise of the creature's vast jaws opening to receive him.

He was swimming thus as quickly as possible when he felt himself seized round the body. Poor Joe! He gave a last thought to his master, and prepared for a last struggle, while he felt himself being drawn, not downwards as by a crocodile, but up to the surface of the lake.

When he could breathe and open his eyes, he saw himself between two negroes as black as ebony; they held him vigorously, and made strange noises.

Joe did not know that the inhabitants of the islands in the Tchad, like many other negroes, plunge with impunity into water infested with alligators; the animals are considered stupidly harmless. But had Joe only avoided one danger to fall into another?

How Gods Behave

He landed amidst a howling crowd of both sexes and every age, but not of every colour. They were a tribe of Biddimahs, superbly black. He had no occasion to blush for his want of costume, as he happened to be dressed in the latest fashion of the country. But before he had time to take in his position he could not be mistaken about

WANGLING WORDS—390

1. Put a point in OION and get a point of view.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Cakj on kemas yob lypa dan judi rowk a fal.*
3. In the following five meat dishes the same numbers stand for the same letters throughout. What are they? 3661, 2681908, 2657, 7543, H54.
4. Find the three hidden countries in: He peruses the list—oak, beech, ilex, etc.—and says, "I am an ass."

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 389

1. AtheNS.
2. A red sky at night is a shepherd's delight.
3. Pencil, Paper, Ink, Pen.
4. Wag-Ner, Hand-el.

the adoration of which he was the object. It did not reassure him, though the Kazeh story came back to his memory.

"If the Victoria comes this way I will give my worshippers the sight of a miraculous ascension," he thought.

The crowd pressed round him, and became almost too familiar in its worship; the negroes offered him meal of sour milk and rice, pounded and mixed with honey; the worthy fellow gave the people a good idea of how the gods devour on great occasions.

When night came, the sorcerers of the town took him respectfully by the hand and conducted him to a sort of hut surrounded by talismans; before entering, Joe threw an uneasy glance on the heaps of bones that were raised round this sanctuary; he had plenty of time to reflect on his position when he was shut up in his cabin.

During the evening and part of the night he heard the negroes singing, a sort of drum beating, and a noise like beating upon tin kettles—sweet sound to African ears; a wild dance went on round his cabin.

But fatigue got the better of him, and he fell at last into a profound sleep, which would doubtless have lasted till daybreak but for an unexpected feeling of dampness which awoke him: He found he was lying in water, and that it was still mounting.

He got up, and with one blow he knocked down a wall. He found himself in the open lake,

Five Weeks

in a

Balloon

By JULES VERNE

with not a trace of the town to be seen. A phenomenon frequent on Lake Tchad had delivered him; the whole island had been submerged.

Joe did not know what had happened, but he set to work to profit by it. A sort of boat, roughly hewn out of a tree trunk, was drifting past him. He seized it and got in, letting himself be floated down the current.

He saw by the polestar that the current was carrying him to the north shore of the lake, and about two a.m. he landed on a promontory covered with thorny reeds, which appeared disagreeable, even to a philosopher; but a tree grew there expressly to offer him a bed amongst its branches. Joe climbed into it, and waited there till daylight.

It came with the rapidity particular to equatorial regions. Joe took a look at the tree which had sheltered him during the night; an unexpected spectacle terrified him. The branches were literally covered with serpents and chameleons; the foliage disappeared under them, and they looked like the produce of the

tree. Joe felt terror, mixed with disgust, and sprang to the earth amid the hissing of the animals.

"No one would believe such a thing!" said he.

After what he had seen, Joe resolved to be more watchful in future, and, guiding himself by the sun, he began to march towards the north-east. He carefully avoided any place that bore traces of human habitation. He kept looking upwards to see if the Victoria was in sight, and though he looked vainly during the whole of that day, his confidence in his master was not diminished.

No Rag Remained

He soon suffered from hunger as well as fatigue, for roots, the sap of plants, such as the palm fruit, do not strengthen a man; however, according to his own estimation, he walked thirty miles eastward. His body bore traces of the thorns with which reeds, acacias, and mimosas are covered in twenty places, and his bleeding feet made walking painful. When night came he resolved to pass it on the shore. There he had to suffer from the atrocious bites of myriads of insects; flies, mosquitoes, ants half an inch long, literally covered the ground.

In two hours not a rag of his remaining clothes was left; the insects had totally devoured them! It was a terrible night, and poor Joe did not get a minute's sleep. Wild animals raged around, and he dared not move.

At last day came, and Joe jumped up quickly; his disgust at what he saw may be easily imagined. A frog had shared his couch! A frog five inches wide, a most repulsive animal, who looked at him with large round eyes.

Joe felt quite sick, and ran as fast as he could to plunge into the lake. His bath allayed the itching which tortured him, and, after having chewed a few leaves, he set out again; he felt some superior power impel him to go on. He began to suffer horribly from hunger; fortunately, he could quench his thirst as often as he pleased, and he thought himself lucky when he remembered what he had suffered from want of water.

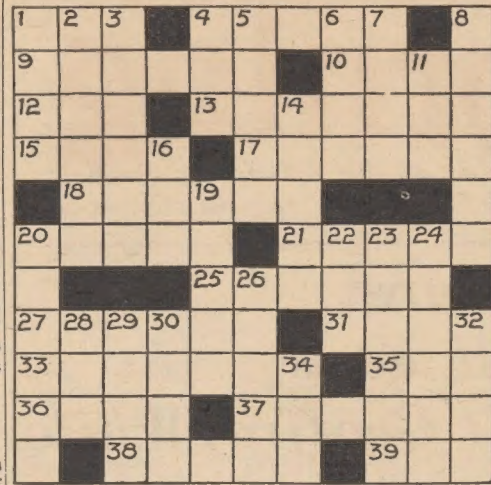
Whilst he was occupied with his reflections, he fell upon a band of negroes in a thick wood. They were poisoning their arrows with the sap of the euphorbia; this occupation is performed in solemn ceremony.

Joe held his breath for fear of being discovered, and hid himself in a thicket; at that moment he perceived the Victoria, the balloon itself, over the lake, scarcely 100 feet above him.

He dared not cry out or show himself.

A tear, not of despair, but of gratitude, came into his eyes. His master had not abandoned him. At last the negroes went away, and he could leave his retreat and run down to the shore. But then the Victoria was almost

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Fish.
- 4 Dry.
- 9 Sham.
- 10 Torn clothes.
- 12 Space of time.
- 13 Freebooters.
- 15 Lake.
- 17 Theatre.
- 18 Firmly fixed.
- 20 Indian fruit.
- 21 Supporting frame.
- 25 Ship's officer.
- 27 Roguish boy.
- 31 Crowd.
- 33 High-flown.
- 35 Utter.
- 36 Precious.
- 37 Appetite.
- 38 Close-packed.
- 39 Lump for stuffing.

GLOW SECTOR
REPORT OWN
AVENUE MICA
BIN MARINER
T SPLICE A
BYE L G SOB
RAMELIA N
ABRADED VAD
OWN ALLEGE
RIO SYSTEM
DEGREE DORY

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Double.
- 2 Sort of goat.
- 3 Welsh county town.
- 4 Soft food.
- 5 Girl's name.
- 6 Fish measure.
- 7 Keen dislike.
- 8 Attack.
- 11 Jewel.
- 14 Extra clause.
- 16 Animal.
- 19 Theme of talk.
- 20 Stale.
- 22 Tree.
- 23 Oscillate.
- 24 Mistakes.
- 26 Not suitable.
- 28 Cereal.
- 29 Stuff.
- 30 Loan.
- 32 Coloured.
- 34 Ballad.

out of sight in the sky. Joe resolved to wait; it would certainly pass again. It did so, but more to the East.

Joe ran, shouted, gesticulated, but in vain. A violent wind dragged the balloon along with irresistible speed. He thought his master had disappeared not to return; as he ran, he got caught in a marsh, for night had set in several hours before; notwithstanding a desperate resistance, he felt himself sink lower and lower; and in a few minutes he was up to his waist. The more efforts he made the deeper he sank. There was not a reed or a morsel of wood to hold by. He saw that he was lost. His eyes closed.

"Master! Master! Help me!" he cried.

And his despairing voice, already stifled, died away in the night.

(To be continued)

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Because Lilly, the astronomer, foretold the Great Plague and Great Fire of London, it was alleged that he had something to do with these catastrophes, and he was summoned by Parliament to explain how he had caused the events to happen.

The reason for the trade sign of a pawnbroker being three brass balls is curious. It was originally the coat of arms of the noble Medici family of Italy, who opened the first banking house in Britain.

The cactus is a strange plant. It never blooms during the day, but only at night. The result is that a night-flying insect does the fertilising, by carrying the pollen to other plants in the darkness.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Blow guarding the wedding presents, you mutt! Guard the Scotch!"

QUIZ for today

1. Corgi is a native of Corsica, African language, Italian assassin, breed of dog, Sicilian port?
2. How many colours can you think of beginning with P?
3. What is the common name of the constellation known as Boötes?
4. How many petals has (a) a wild rose, (b) a primrose?
5. How many bridges cross the Thames within the London area?
6. All the following are real words except one. Which is it? Kobl, Kola, Koa, Koff, Kob, Kroo, Kaar, Koth, Koul.

Answers to Quiz in No. 450

1. Indian prince.
2. Titmouse, Tit, Tomtit, Thrush, Teal, Tern, Toucan, Turkey.
3. (a) Left, (b) Left.
4. Warm north - westerly ocean current, off Japan.
5. Bowls.
6. Kosh.

There is a holy mistaken zeal in politics as well as in religion. By persuading others, we convince ourselves.

Junius (1770).

The fickleness of the women I love is only equalled by the infernal constancy of the women who love me

Bernard Shaw, "The Philanderer"

I never think I have hit hard, unless it rebounds. Dr. Johnson.



JANE

"B—I!"



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



M.P.H. of Sport

By T. S. Douglas

"THE ball shot from his foot like a bullet from a gun. . . ." We have all read sentences like that in the descriptions of the popular sports writers. But could a man actually make a ball travel as fast as a shot from a gun?

Until a few years ago all our knowledge about the speed of a ball in flight was based on guesswork.

High-speed photography and measurement by the photo-electric cell working in conjunction with a cine-camera have given us far more exact knowledge about the speed and behaviour of various kinds of balls used in sport.

The answer is that neither the demon bowler, the great golfer, and much less the footballer, can make a ball approach the speed of a shot. Even if we take an old-fashioned cannon with a very low muzzle velocity, the ball from it moves at about six times that of the fastest bowler and three times as fast as the hardest-hit golf ball.

A football, being comparatively soft and offering considerable wind resistance, starts much more slowly and loses its velocity quickly. It might travel as fast as 60 m.p.h. over a very short distance, but a speed of 35 m.p.h. over 20 yards would be good. Even this, however, is a good 10 m.p.h. faster than the speed of the man chasing the ball "all out."

Photographs taken at the moment of impact reveal the toe of the boot buried deep in the ball. Even when the ball is very taut, the boot makes an indentation several inches deep while the inertia of the ball is overcome.

Golf is the sport that has been studied photographically in most detail. A series of photographs made at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology shows that the ball is very considerably flattened at the moment of impact with the driver, but that this impact lasts only while ball and club travel half an inch.

As the ball leaves the club, it flattens in a direction at right angles to its former direction of compression and begins revolving backwards at the rate of 5,000 r.p.m., at the same time travelling forward at a speed of 180 feet a second.

Measurements of the speed of a golf ball vary between 120 and 200 m.p.h. Some of these variations can be accounted for by the different distances over which measurement is made. The ball loses speed quickly, and the longer the drive, the less the average speed.

The mechanics of driving produce some remarkable figures. At the moment of impact, a club sending a ball on a 250-yard drive is exerting a force of about three-quarters of a ton. Professional golfers have often demonstrated the astonishing force of a driven ball.

Some years ago, George Duncan, demonstrating indoors, drove a ball through the safety net, through the half-inch asbestos wall of the building, and out of sight! From a range of a few feet a ball has been driven right through a telephone directory and on for a hundred yards.

The design of the modern ball, with its great resiliency and surface corrugations, is the secret of long driving, and are estimated to add 40 m.p.h. to the speed of the ball. Tests show that a modern ball with a perfectly smooth cover could not be driven more than 120 yards.

The speed of the fastest bowlers has been measured at 90-100 m.p.h. in cricket. Sometimes to the spectator the ball seems to be travelling too fast to be seen, but it must be remembered that it approaches the batsman from in front and is shown up by the screen. It might be quite visible to the batsman while invisible to someone at the side.

At tennis the highest speed is probably not more than 80 m.p.h., and velocity drops more quickly than at golf because of the ball's greater resistance to the air. The "nap" of the cover plays an important part in enabling the ball to spin and keep on a true course, hence the frequent change of balls in a first-class game.

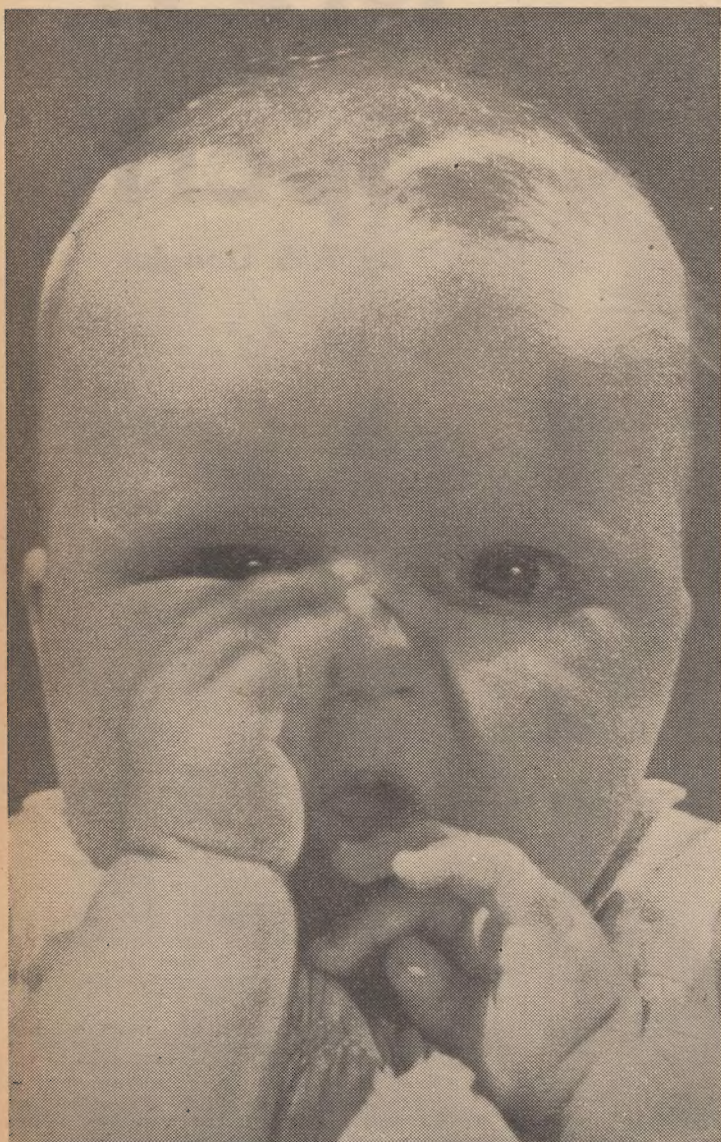
Unaided by mechanical devices, man cannot travel at more than 25 m.p.h., and only at this speed for a few yards. On a fast racehorse he can move at 35-40 m.p.h. for a few furlongs. In the water he can travel very short distances at 5 m.p.h., and on a bicycle at something like 45 m.p.h.

Skating looks fast, but in fact a speed of 25 m.p.h. over a distance of a mile is high. The fastest speeds unaided by any engines are attained on skis and sleds. At places on the Cresta Run, skilled riders on sleds reach a speed of 70 m.p.h., and may corner at 50 m.p.h.

The Grand National Course, with ten corners in its 1,320 yards, has been covered in a good deal less than one minute.

Good Morning

"Yoo-hoo ! 'at's a swell dame passing in that pram. Boy, am I a wolf !"

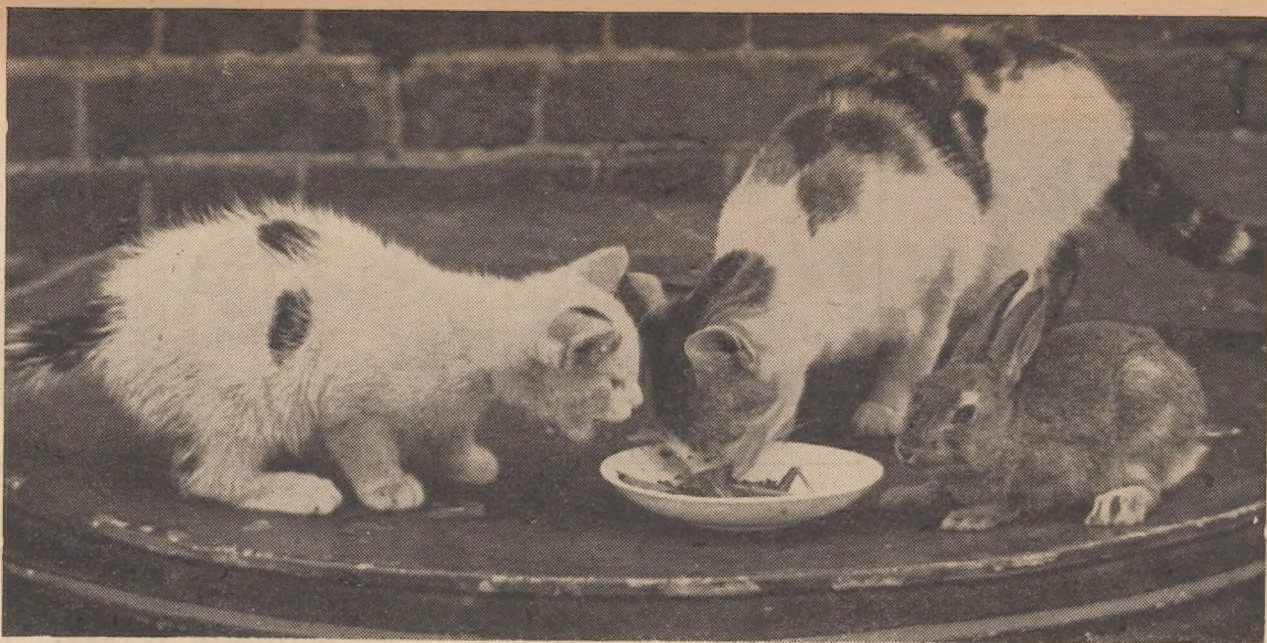


This England

On the village green at Lenton, Notts., the same game goes on as it did a century ago.



"Come the four corners of the world and we shall shock them."



Tibby, the cat in the centre, found an orphan wild rabbit, brought it home and adopted it. Here you see the strange family at meal-time.



Twentieth - Century's discovery, Jeanne Crain, shows how to hang on to a lamp-post with grace.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I just sleeps under them"

